DID SARAH CRIB THE SCENE?

THE SUSPICION FELT BY MAURICE BARRY-MORE ABOUT MME. BERNHARDT.

A Climax in "La Tosca" the Same as On in "Nadjeeda," the Manuscript of Which Was Shown to Mme. Bernhardt-Steele Mackaye's Rehearsals-Chicago to Wel-"The Begum "-Keene's Plans.



F an extremely emphatic and apparently well-grounded nature is the grievance which afflicts Maurice Barrymore. It is a wellknown fact among managers who have been connected for the past year with Mme. Modjeska and Maurice Barrymore, Mme. Sarah Bernhardt that some time

written to Mme. Bernhardt, with the request that she read it. Mme. Bernhardt, it is said, kept the play for more than a year. At her last appearance in this country, at a matince at the Star Theatre, Barrymore interviewed her upon the subject, and she expressed much pleasure upon th reading of the work, but that was all she did. 1-d now comes Mr. Barrymore's grievance. The story of Sardou's latest play, "La Tosco," which is still running at the Porte St. Martin, Paris, and which Miss Fanny Davenport is to produce at French, & Sanger's new theatre, in this city, has been sent to various Metropolitan newspapers. Mr. Barrymore read the situation in which Mme. Bernhardt figures so conspicuously with considerable surprise, from the fact that he declares that he recognizes the entire scene as that of his play, "Nadjesda," the manuscript of which he offered to Mme. Bernhardt, and which has since been pro-Bernhardt, and which has since been produced by Mme. Modjeska. The scene represents La Tosca imploring the King to save the life of her lover. The King offers to do so if the beautiful La Tosca will remain in his company. She consents to do so, and at the banquet that night La Tosca kills him. In "Nadjesda" the heroine begs the old roue for the lite of her lover, and he makes her the same proposition. She goes to the castle with him and at a little supper kills the roue. Mr. Barrymore asserts that the scene cannot fail to be recognized, and a gentleman who saw Barrymore asserts that the scene cannot fail to be recognized, and a gentleman who saw Mme. Modjeska in Mr. Barrymore's play said the same thing yesterday. Mr. Barrymore is very excited. Not very long ago M. Sardou is said to have exclaimed: "Whenever I produce a new play the cry of 'Stop thief' is raised." Mr. Barrymore intends to wait until "La Tosca" is vroduced here and to see the raised." Mr. Barrymore intends to wait untue "La Tosca" is produced here and to see the situation for himself. Then, after writing to Mme. Bernhardt and M. Sardou and asserting his rights as collaborateur, he will appeal to the French Authors' Association. Barrymore has a received numerous letters

The company engaged to play "Paul Kauvar, or Anarchy," Steele Mackaye's latest effort, at the Standard Theatre next Saturday night, are hard at work. On Thursday there will be a dress rehearsal of a very complete character. The only complaint made by the members of the company is that Mr. Mackaye will insist upon delivering a lecture upon the Delsarte theory at each rehearsal. upon the Delsarte theory at each rehearsal.

more says he has received numerous letters from friends in England satisfying him of the similarity between Sardou's new play and "Nadjesda."

The Lyceum Theatre plays have started out with considerable success so far, although this is only the first season that the theatre, under its new management, has sent out at-tractions. "The Great Pink Pearl" and "Editha's Burglar" have met with general tractions. "The Great Pink Pearl" and "Editha's Burglar" have met with general approval in Boston while "The Highest Bidder," with Mr. Sothern, has been greeted with columns of praise in Chicage. "The Main Line," which is being done through the country, is not produced under the present Lyceum Theatre management. It was given at that theatre before the present regime was known. It is the only play in the tour for which the Lyceum Theatre is not repropally and in which it has no inverted. nsible and in which it has no interest.

Col. John A. McCaull's benign features graced the Fifth Avenue Theatre last night. He came in to have a chat with Manager Schroeder, and paid no attention whatever to Mr. Mansfield and his "Monsieur." Col. McCaull said that "The Begum" would be produced in Chicago next week, and there would be a "big time" in that city, as both the author and composer were Chicagoans by adoption. A theatre party for the first night had taken 322 seats, "all paid for by one check," remarked the Colonel. Mme. Cottrelly, who is at present delighting the One check," remarked the Colonel. Mme, Cottrelly, who is at present delighting the Teutonic audiences which frequent the Thalia Theatre, will leave for Chicago in a few days in order to impersonate "Her Be-. . .

When Thomas Keene started for the West this season, the knowing ones prophesied that he would return in the course of a month. Mr. Keene, however, has been playing in Chicago, and through Texas and the South with immense success, it is said. His "Richard III." has been very well received. Mr. Keene's company is headed by Joseph Wheelock. Mr. Keene left Chicago for his Western and Southern tour last September, and will return to Chicago on Saturday night when he will open a new theatre on the west

side called the Haymarket. At this theatre the regular prices will prevail, although in Chicago, west side theatres are generally "popular" price houses. Mr. Keene remains West most of the season. He comtemplates coming to New York at the end of this or early next season to present "Richard III." in a spectacular way.

Changes at the Theatres Last Night. Hallen and Hart's First Prize Ideals at H. R. acobs's Third Avenue Theatre last night crowded hat house.

"Taken from Life," at Poole's Theatre, crowded the house. Mrs. Phosa McAllister's work was greatly applauded.

At Tony Pastor's last night, Kennedy, the venfiloquist, was greatly applauded for his clever easures. There are a number of good things to seen at this little house.

Mr. and Mrs. Florence, at the Star Theatre, de-lighted the audience with their entertaining play "Our Governor." They were received with en-thus asm. There was incessant laughter during the performance.

At Dockstader's last night there was a burlesque of ''Sue, '' as seen at Niblo's. Of course it pleased the audience — everytning Dockstader produces does. Young Weinstein gave his planoforte exercises unmolested.

dises unmolested. class unmolested.

Richard Mansfield appeared at the Fifth Avenue
The tre last night in "Monsieur," a triffe in
which he is able to show his excellent accent and
musical ability. The play is pretty and amusing
and Mr. Mansfield is well supported.

and Mr. Mansfield is well supported.

William Faverser, of the Lyceum Theatre Company, made his first appearance last night as Leoin "She" at Niblo's. Mr. Faverson is a young Englishman, who was engaged about a year ago by Mr. Frohman for his stock company. His work last night was extremely good.

The fittieth performance of "The Wife" at the Lyceum Theatre, which took place last night, introduced various changes in that successful play. The entire first act is different. Helen hears that her lover has wronged a young Southern cit.

The entire first act is different. Helen hears that her lover has wronged a young Southern girl, and through pique accepts the hand of Senator Rutherford. The character of the lover played by Henry Miller is made decidedly more attractive than before. The greatest improvement, however, is in the part assumed by Lemoyne, which is now one full of fun. Lemoyne is now consumed with love for the fascinating airs, lves, and there are some amusing complications anent a letter he writes to her. "The Wife" was always good. It is now better.

THE TRADE IN CHRISTMAS CARDS.

New and Artistic Designs in Everything E: cept Cheap Goods.

Those who imagine that the Christmas card ousiness has reached its limit are very much mistaken. To be sure there is very little improvement from year to year among the cheaper quality of cards, and for from 2 to 10 cents the buyer gets the same old designs that have been in the market for the past five

These are printed principally by the small lithographic firms, who flood the market with their wares early in the season.

If they have any of their goods left over after the holidays, as they usually do, they are just as good next season, and they are mixed up with a few new cheap designs and are put in the market again.
These are the cards that are to be found or

the cheap street-stands all over the city. For the most part they are inartistic in design and crude in execution, and attract the eye and crude in execution, and attract the eye principally by the gaudiness of their color. The real improvement in the trade is to be seen among the productions of the best man-ufacturers both in this country and in England, and this season, as it is universally re-ported that the business is more active than ever, the variety and number of the new designs seems to correspond in equal ratio to the increased demand.

The new styles are principally in the direction of new and striking forms, as in the metalline decoration which consists of a plaque-like card of some metallic color, pressed and ornamented, with some hand

pressed and ornamented, with some hand sketch in the finer goods, but with lithographs in the cheaper grades.

Those are suitable for wall decoration and can be utilized other ways.

Another direction in which improvement has been made is in the artistic finish of the cards, many of the best artists contributing to the designs, and again in the greater number of the more elaborately gotten up cards, as in hand-painted landscapes on satin. as in hand-painted landscapes on satin.

Then, of course, there are the usual designs in figured cards, which have been popular so many years, but it is said that very few of them are being sold this season, the demand for novelties having crowded them to the back of the country.

season is flower work in relief. The colors are brought out vividly, and the whole is given a realistic effect by means of a glossy finish that makes them very attractive to those who are looking for something showy as well as testeful and artistic.

ordinary lithograph designs in flowers made by the best houses are very beautiful, and still find many admirers. They may or may not be accompanied by appropriate mottoes.

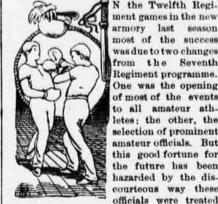
Still another variety of holiday cards which are becoming popular are reproductions in miniature of landscapes by well-known artists ministure of landscapes by well-known artists done in water colors by some skilful copyist. These, of course, to be effective must be executed with great care and truth to the original. The best specimens sell from \$6 to \$10 each. The other novelties sell all the way from 50 cents up to \$8 and \$9 for the most elaborate designs.

Try the delightful old Eastern perfume, Nilica. This is the long-sought perfume, distilled from the flowers in thich the bees delight, and are said to "hum themselves on sleep," unable to tear themselves away, the perfume airly fascinating them. For the present a great disadratese is that we are compelled to charge a very high rice for this perfume, but we hope that within another ear we shall be able to bring it down to the price of our ther extracts. So, until further notice, the price will se as follows:

SPORTS OF TRACK AND RING.

UNUSUAL CONDUCT ON THE PART OF SOL-DIER ATHLETES.

B. G. Sandford Looked Upon as a Winner in the Manhattan's Pool Tournament-Jack Burgess to Fight George Aggett-Mr. Whitelaw Reid Made an Henorary Member of the Manhattan Athletic Club.



N the Twelfth Regiment games in the new most of the success was due to two changes from the Seventh Regiment programme. One was the opening of most of the events to all amateur athletes; the other, the selection of prominent amateur officials. But this good fortune for the future has been hazarded by the discourteous way these

at the games on the evening of Dec. 10. In the first heat of the team obstacle race one Company D man went between two barrels, instead of through one of them, and was promptly disqualified by Mr. G. M. L. Sacks, gentleman whose judgment is never questioned. The four members of Company D team, after losing the event, grossly insulted Mr. Sacks and Referee Mapes, who indorsed Mr. Sacks's decision. One of the losers said to the well-known promoter of amateur athletics: 'You couldn't judge an ass for me.' letics: 'You couldn't judge an ass for me."
The reply, "I disqualified a very long-eared one a few minutes ago," staggered him. The difference between gentlemen amateurs and hoodlums was shortly afterwards very clearly shown. Mr. G. Y. Gilbert, of the New York Athletic Club, was fonled almost to a certainty in the half-mile run, but his claim was not allowed. His graceful submission to the ruling was one of the pleasant features of the evening's sport. Two of the members of the ergiment, while in a state of great hilarity after the games, took a ride with somebody else horse and wagon which they found tied at the curb. Serious trouble resulted.

Mr. Whitelaw Reid has been elected the first honorary member of the Manhattar Athletic Club.

Mr. B. G. Sandford, a breyeler, is looked on as a sure winner of the pool tournament still in progress at the Manhattan Athletic Club House, and Mr. H. W. Donald, another breyeler, will probably be a close second.

A rattling prize-fight has just been ar A rating prize-ngit has just been arranged between Jack Burgess, who beat George Le Blanche, the Marine, and George Aggett, of Canada. The battle will be for \$500 a side and will take place in this vicinity early in February. The men will battle with skin-tight gloves. Only a limited number of tickets will be sold.

An incident in the battle between Dempse An incident in the battle between Dempsey and Reagan shows that the Nonpareil has lost none of that cunning which once led him to force Jack Burke against a taut rope and bang him as he rebounded. In one of the rounds in the fight with Reagan the Hook champion clinched Dempsey who, at once threw up his hands and said: "Well, go down." Reagan did go down, but Dempsey didn't turn to the reporters to ask them what they thought of it till he had seen his man fairly down and stepped back well out of the way. A similar precaution might have saved more than one of Yankee Sullivan's opponents a licking. A man isn't down under London prize ring rules unless two knees or a hand and a knee are on the turf. It was a hand and a knee are on the turf. It was one of Yankee's pet tricks to go all but down, then rise suddenly and renew the round while his opponent was perhaps on the way to his corner.

William Johnston, the clever collar and William Johnston, the clever collar-and-elbow wrestler, once demonstrated to John L. Sullivan what a wonderful game he is the master of. He hip-locked, back-heeled and twisted the "big fellow" onto the floor in Patsy Sheppard's old Abbey in Boston so often one day some five years ago that the haughty champion was glad to acknowledge that there were some tricks he had never heard of. The wrestling in a prize fight under London rules has a great deal to do with the result, and Reagan certainly ought to have a better chance against Dempsey to have a better chance against Dempsey

"Rather rough on Kilrain's courage making a draw of it when he had the fight all through," was the remark of a young sport at the Hoffman House late last night. "Shows good sense," said a gentleman who has followed the ring for many a year. "In the morning would come the gendarmes."

He Was Not a Tramp.

[Prom the Chicago Tribune.] he seedy and haggard man who had called at her house; "what can I do for you? You are suffering for food and clothing, are you not?"

"Madam," he replied, with offended dignity, "I am not a tramp. I have called to ask you to subscribe for this book, of which I am the author, and to the preparation of which I have devoted n extensive experience and the best years of my

A SAFE, sure cure for coughs and colds, ADAMSON'S BOTANIC BALSAM. KINSMAN, 25th st., 4th ave. **

STUMP BILLED FOR THE SEASON.

They Got Tired Throwing Her Out of the At the Grand Opera-House there is a cat that belongs to the place. She is not a beautiful specimen of her kind, but possesses

much force of character and a short tail. Once she had as much tail as any cat, but some accident deprived her of all except two inches of it. By reason thereof, although the cat is of the female persuasion and has already contributed several litters of juvenile felines to an overburdened world, she is known by the masculine, undignified name

known by the masculine, undignified name of Stump.

There is poetry in this name, and it brings home to her the dreadful abridgment of her tail every time she is called to dinner, or asked to step forward and fill up on milk. Happily, it does not seem to ruffle her spirits any more than if she were named Cleopatra or Imogene. She is not given to recognizing any calls except for business.

Three years ago she stole into the vestibule of the Grand Opera-House, a vagrant, unknown cat. She was returned to the street with alacrity.

Again she came calmly in, as if it were quite a new idea, and again was she fired, for a week, every day she walked blandly into the opera-house with the leisurely air of a man about town who wanted to see what was going on for the evening, and as often

a man about town who wanted to see what was going on for the evening, and as often was she bounced. Each time she came back with a stronger air of possessing the place. Finally, they found it so hard to convince her that she was an unbidden and unwelcome guest that they took her in and christened her Stump.

Her broods disappear (they have not their mother's staying powers), but she lives on in the lofty halls which Jim Fisk, jr., once illumined with his magnificent expansiveness. There is no shy shrinking about

ness. There is no shy shrinking about Stump. When the boys come out between the acts for a clove, she calmly walks around the foyer with an air of languid interest, or else settles her fur on the chilly marble and

Stump has vindicated a place for herself by an imperturbable persistence worthy of some proud daughter of Sorosis. As a moral example she is of greater force than many of the two-legged animals whose company she

loves so well.

Stump is also lovable for this social instinct. She is not coquettish, but sometimes burrs around the fat ticket-taker with a widowly tenderness. Stump is billed for the

PRIZES OF THE MASONIC FAIR.

Three Weeks' Work for Charity Ended with

The auction sale which was to conclude the Masonic Fair took place at the Twenty-third Street Temple last evening and \$500 was obtained for goods useful and ornamental and worth probably five times that amount. This brings the net profits of the fair up to \$70,000 and encourages the fraternity of the State to believe that the whole debt incurred in the work of establishing an asylum for

in the work of establishing an asylum for aged and indigent Masons and their families will be wiped out within the year 1888.

During the evening the names of the fortunate ticket holders who were to receive the capital gifts to the fair were announced.

It was found that Charles Getshaw, of Fifty-fifth street, Brooklyn, had won the \$1,500 Chickering piano, while the \$1,250 Hardman piano went to Miss Wagner, of 286 Tenth avenue, and the R. M. Walters organ to Miss Crawford, of 243 West One Hundred and Thirtieth street.

The \$5,000 Chinese quilt went to the holder of season ticket 21,160 which was sold by Long Island Lodge.

of season ticket 21,160 which was sold by Long Island Lodge.
J. Gruber, of 46 Seventh avenue, gets the seal hat, the poet's vase goes to J. J. Bar, the painted screen to Mrs. Bar and the crayon to Mrs. F. W. Goodrich.

The \$1,000 seal mantle presented by C. C. Shayne went to A. Pearson, of 39 West Twenty-fourth street, and Mr. Shayne, according to promise, gave the winner a check for 1,000.

Of course, The World was found to lead at the close of the polls as the most popular newspaper.

newspaper.

In the name of William R. Carr, E. B. Harper presented to Grand Master Frank R. Lawrence three pearl pictures worth \$1,000, to be placed in the asylum.

And thus closed one of the most successful fairs ever held in New York.

The Mexican Woman's Love for Home.

[Office Harper's Letter]
The Mexican women know little and care less about the burning questions which agitate our women until their restlessness reacts upon home life and destroys its even calm and union of interlife and destroys its even caim and union of interests. They read sel dom and hear next to nothing about things beyond their own narrow existence, and as a consequence their whole hearts are given to home ann family. They look up to fleir husband as the recognized head of the house and acknowledge his authority on all vital que tio ne; but all things pertaining to the management of the household of the rearing of the children are given completely into the flands of the women, and the keynote of their nature is love, full, complete and abounding towards their husbands and children and even their dumb animals, and where so much love is happy homes must be.

Mexican home life and customs change little with the succeeding years, and probably the Mexicans are the most conservative and stubborn people in existence as to adopting reforms or innovations, and so to-day the same simple domestic implements are used even by those well ade to afford our labor-saving inventions, and those who build houses pleasing that suited their forefathers; and they are as energy about American furniture as about their architecture.

The lives of the poor classes differ but little in any, respect from those of the middle classes. They have less land, less food and less money, but just as much of that resiful, greamy content in the sunshine as the wealthier people, and the babies have just as much love and tender carcesce; so after all what does it matter? They all love music, snashine and flowers, and those seem to grow spontaneously in Mexico, and though it is said that their lives are not long, I have seen some ests. They read sel dom and hear next to nothing

and faster I panted. I have no distinct

who are very old. The Mexican women may be poor and ignorant, but their love for home, their nusbands and children, their singleness of neart, their isingleness of neart, their isingleness of neart, their isingleness of neart, one of their industry and punctilious regard for the immurable law of custom and precedent, and their honesty in desing, as well as their kindness and sympathy for strangers, place them among the loveliest women in the world.

GOT LETTERS FROM HIS DEAD WIFE. The Strange Experience of a Farm Hand in

Nebraska-Who Is the Woman ? [Nebraska Letter to Kansas City Journal.] William S. Aimison, a farm hand working for nan by the name of Bills, about fourteen miles west of this city, was in the city this week and related a strange story, which in substance was as

follows: He says be was married in Hilneis about six years ago, and three years later his wife died very suddenly. He attended the funeral, as a matter of course, looked for the last time upon the face he had loved in life, now cold in Leath, saw the coffin closed, lowered in the grave, and heard that awful sound, as the earth from the gravedigger's shovel fell upon the coffin-lid that hid from sight all that ne held dear in this world. Shortly after the death and burial of his wife he removed to Kansas and

and burnal of his wife he removed to kan-as and for the past year has been in Neuraska. In all this there is nothing singular; such things happen every day.

Now comes the strange part of his story. He says that shortly after reaching Kansas he received a letter, dated and postmarked at his old home in lillnois, signed by his wife's name, "Lulu," and unmistakably in her handwriting. Of this latter fact he is assured, as he compared the hand-fact he is assured, as he compared the hand-

says that shortly after reaching Kansas he received a letter, dated and pestimarsed at his oil home in lillinois, signed by his wife's name, 'Lulin," and unmistakably in her handwriting. Of this latter fact he is assured, as he compared the handwriting with that of several letters received from his wife before his marriage, which he still has in his possession. She said in the latter that she was very lonely, missed him greatly and implored him to return to her. The only singular thing to one not knowing the facts of the case was a sentence something like this: "You all thought I died, but I did not, and am much better than when I saw you list." To the latter part of this sentence atmission could or would not attempt an expanation. Otherwise the letter was such as any wife might write to an absent husband.

Since them at irregular intervsis he has received other letters, all couched in emearing language, but making no attempt to explain the mystery. One c. me from Concorina, Kan., near whice place place he was located before coming to Nebraska. In this line writer bitterly bewalled the fact of his leaving before she reached him.

At first Alm son thought some of his former acquaintances in Illinois were playing a ghastly practical joke, but after receiving several letters began to feel disturced, and sent them back to his wife's parents in Illinois. They agreed with him that the handwriting was that of their daughter, but could offer no explanation. He answered one of the letters, addressing it "Mrs. W. S. Almison," sanit was returned to him at this city from the Dead-Letter Office. The last letter received from his 'wife' came about three weeks ago, dated at Table Rock, this State, and stated that "Luly was there sick, out of money, and asking him to come to her relief. Almison left immediately upon receipt of this letter for Table Rock.

Upon investigation after his arrival, he found that a woman had been at the hotel there, arriving several days before he did. She was sick when he received the woman? Mrs. Lu

[New York Letter to Philadelphia Press.] Mayor Hewitt lately received a letter which said that a house containing a barroom, a restaurant and a big hall had been given over to remarkable revelries; that a feature of the dances was the presence of many young girls whose costumes were described as reprehensible; that at midnight the doors were locked against intruders, even the police, and a scene of wine drinking and eating casued; and the writer adued that if hi-Honor fel: like interfering he could send a response to a certain address, whereupon the establishment would be pointed out. Mr. Hewlitt has lately been ordering rails upon dance houses, and the allegations here seemed to make out a case for action. So he wrote for particulars and got an explanation t at it was all a joke. The place meant was Delmonico's, and the occasions were the three respiendent deburante balls which have tous far this season agitated the most prefentious so lety. I don't get this news from the Mayor's Office, but from the perpetrator of the joke, a young lady friend of the Misses Hewlit, who had bet a pound of candy on the success of her hosts. "But I m bound to say," said Mr. Hewitt, "that the characteristics of a Isshonable ball, if copie exactly by unapproved people in condemned places, might demand an explanation." doors were locked against intruders, even the police,

She Was Prightened to Death.

Mrs. Cassle Jackson, wife of Rev. J. H. Jackson. of Marshall, was alarmed by a man who had been working for her bushand entering the yard of her residence in a drunken condition and going to the house as if to waik in. A short time after Mrs. Jackson swooned and fell to the ground, and was carried in the house. Medical all was called, but she expired an hour later. The cause of death is thought to have been congestion of the lungs and brain, aggravated by the iri_ht.

How He Got It.

[From Tid-Bits.]
Higgins—I've often wondered how you cultivate your lofty bearing, Wiggins. Way, you're enough to paralyze a captain of police.
Wiggins—Hy study, my boy—by study. Every
morning I march into a drug-store, look the clerk
straight in the eye, and ask for a two-cent stamp.

A Poor Excuse Better Than None.

[From Tid-Bits.]
A man arrested for stealing old clothing pleads starvation as an excuse. Harlem goats are fond of such dainties, but it is believed that this is the first man displaying an appetite of this kind.

JOHNNY MAY HAVE TO GO TO-NIGHT.

Leading Republicana Desirons of Bonneing O'Brien & Co. on Sight. The Republican County Committee meets this evening. Col. S. U. R. Cruger will pre-

side. It may be a very quiet meeting or it may turn out a stormy one. The machine is not in the very best condition and there is great dissatisfaction over the leadership in many of the districts.

The committees that have been investigating the conduct of the bosses and the machines in the Eighth and Thirteenth Assembly districts have not finished their labors.

They may, however, put in preliminary reports. There are numbers of prominent members of the party who are in favor of ridding the organization of Johnny O'Brien, Barney Rourke and ex-Senator Gibbs without the usual formality.

Barney Rourke and ex-Senator Gibbs without the usual formality.

The resignation of Charles H. Knox and ex-Civil Justice J. C. J. Langbein will prob-ably be read at to night's meeting. They have decided to become Democrats. They get out of the Republican party of their own free will, but O'Brien, Gibbs & Co. refuse to re-sign and object to being bounced.

GUARDS FOR THE POLES.

A Conflict Between Residents of Jersey City and a Telephone Company.

A conflict has arisen between the residents of Danforth avenue, Jersey City, and the telephone company which has been engaged during the past few days in placing poles along the street for the use of the Fire De-

partment.

Last night the poles in front of the residences of J. J. Detweller and Reuben Simpson were cut down by unknown persons. A large gang of man were sent out to replace the poles and continue the work, and the manager of the company says that a guard will be placed on duty to prevent any further depredation until the line is trans-ferred to the Fire Department.

Danforth avenue is the principal street in

the Greenville section, and the presence of the poles is considered a detriment to the

NOT REALLY A HORSE-THIEF.

Baron Blanc's Fermer Coachman Let Off With a Fine for Disorderly Conduct.

Michael J. Cunningham, the coachman who was arrested for stealing the Baroness Blanc's saddle-horse Dude, was arraigned in the Jefferson Market Police Court this morn-

Baron Blanc, who described himself as a Baron Blanc, who described himsel as a civil engineer, living at 14 West Twenty-third street, told Justice Patterson that he did not think Cunningham intended to steal the horse. The animal was found at the Buckingham stables, where Cunningham said it was.

The prisoner was discharged on Sunday for being intoxicated and that night he went to Shepherd's stables, at Seventh avenue and Twenty-second street, and took the horse out.

A charge of disorderly conduct was made against the prisoner and he was fined \$10.

Nell Fought to the Death. A dog fight took place early last Saturday morn ing within a block of Police Headquarters, at which it is said a police justice and a police justice's sor were among the dozen spectators. There is a cool were among the dozen spectators. There is a cook shon near headquarters, and the basement of this sensibilishment was chosen for the fight. Jack Grimm, of Hariem, entered his favorite bitch, fly, and James Wallace, of Boston, backed his trindle bitch, Nell, for \$500. Both dogs were in excellent condition, and were within a pound either way of twenty-five pounds. The animals were set at each other shortly after mindight. I required a half hour's teasing by their masters to make them catch on. The animals fought an hour and five minutes, when Nell failed to get up in time and Fly was declared the winner. Nell cited. The victorious Fly is two and one-half years old, and this is the seventh consecutive fight she has won.

The Two Birds Cost Him Dear. When James O'Brien, a veteran of the War of the Rebellion, was arraigned before Justice O'Reilly,

at the Yorkville Police Court, this morning charged with intoxication he carried in his hand a cage containing two canary birds.

He said that he drew his pension the day before, met some friends, got to "working the growier" and remembered nothing more until he found himself in a cell, without a cent and with nothing but the birds to show for all the money he had received. He was discharged with a gentle admonition.

Fiele a Pair of Shoes.

Thomas Lynch, aged forty-nine years, and John Mullen, twenty-one years old, got into the shoe store of Morris M. Goldsmith, at 695 Broadway, last evening, and at de a pair of shoes. Detective Mc-Ginnis arrested them and charged them with theft, and with having smashed a window to get into the store. At the Jefferson Market Court this morning the prisoners admitted the tactt, but denied having broken the window. They were held for examina-tion.

Adopting New Headgear. The Police Commissioners have agreed among themselves to select a black chapean as the head-gear to be worn by the Superintendent and Inspec-tors of Police. The Captains and Sergeants with wear helmets. In future parades and on State oc-ca-lons there will be a pow wow on chapeaus and the Superintendent and Inspectors will be mounted. Riding lessons are now in order.

A Woman Who Made a Vow that She Would Kill or Ruin Five Men a Year.

[From the Albany Journal.]
The death is just announced of one of the most remarkable women Mexico ever produced. Notwithstanding her strange and pertious career she HARRY KENKEDY, VENRILOQUIST.

attained a ripe old age and became one of the wealthiest women in the Republic. She was Senora Amastia Rubio de Pascadera. In her early womanhood she devoted her time to robeery. One night she digessed herself in men's clothing and, mounting a horse, rode from San Antonio to the Zacatecas and Agnes Caliebtes stage road, where she waited in the grove for the south-bound stage to

pass. As the postilions came up she commanded them with revolver in hand to halt, put out their torones and fall to the rear of the coach, which was a few yards belind them. She then advanced upon the driver and keeper, who were made to dismount, expecting every moment to be shot from ambush. The passengers, eight in number, inside the stage, were led to believe from her talk that an armed party was in the brush, and when she easne up and demanded their money, waithes and jewelry, they lost no time in obeying her. She then bade the passengers good-night, and, after admonsting them not to move within half an hour, disappeared. During her career she killed a great many men, and for many years was a terror to the people of Sinaloa, Jaliaco and Sonora. Government troops and Siate troops chased her, but could never entrap her. It was said the reason she gave for adopting such a mode of life was the murder by Federal troops of her intended husband years ago, when she was in her teens. She then made a vow that she would kill or ruin five men for every year she lived. She bequeathed her immense fortune to charities. At her request she was buried beside her dead lover in her native town, San Antonio.

AMERICAN INSTITUTE,

FRANK A. ROBBINS'S NEW SHOWS.

Two Rings and a Mage, a Zoologios, Garden, Massum of Curionities, Startling Aerial Performances. Fungua Guerra, Daring Gymnasts and a Regiment of Clowes, Telek Animals and Kuucated Beasts to pissee the ghilders. FIF V BEAUTIFUL LEDV ARTISTS. Handsome Horses, Pretty Ponies, Mischievous Moni Musical and Danoing Elsphants. Ring performs daily at 2 and 8 P. M. Doors open one hour before all the other wonders. other wonders.

rved Seats, 25 and 50 cents. Seats in Boxes, 61.
eats reserved one week in advance.

THE MATENERS
especially devoted to Ladies and Children.

METROPOLITAN OPERA-ROUSE.
HOFMANN CONCERTS.
Under the personal direction of Mr. HENRY E. ABBRY.
THURSDAY, Dec. 22, at 8.15, o'clock. TUERDAY, Dec. 27, at 3 o'clock. SATURDAY, Dec. 31, at 8.15

o'clock.
JOSEPH HOFMANN,
accompanied by M.M.R. HELEN R.H.A.T.REITER,
Prims Donna Contralto: Theodore Bjorksten, Tenor; Big.
De Anna, Haritone; Miss Nettic Carpenter, Mms. Baccon,
Harpist, Nig. R. Bappio, Accompanist, and Adolph
Neuendorff's Grand Orchestra. Weber Grand Piano med. H. R. JACOBS'S 3D AVE. THEATRE,

CORNER SIST ST., AND 3D AVE.
MATINEE EVERY MON, WED, AND SAT.
RESERVED SKATS,
20c.
HALLEN AND HARTS
FIRST PRIZE IDEALS, SECURE SEATS IN ADVANCE Dec. 26-FUN ON THE BRISTOL

N IBLOS.

Reserved Orchestra Circle and Balcony 50e.

LAST SEVEN PERFORMANCES. MATINES WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.
Monday, Dec. 26, CHRISTMAS MATINES.
A RUN OF LOCK.

STANDARD THRATRK.—BROADWAY & SED BY.

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PAUL KAUVAR, 4PR ANARCHY,

HOLIDAY MATINEES, Dec. 26 & Jan. 2.

Seats now on sale,

Union square theatre. VOURTH MONTH, Manage

and CRANE. BRONSON HOWARD'S GREAT COMEDY. ROBSON Every evening at 8. Saturday Matinee. Special Matiness Christmas and New Year's days, 100th performance Saturday Matinee, Dec. 31. Elaborate Souvenirs.

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M. W. HANLEY

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PETA.

DAVE BRAHAM and his POPULAR ORCHESTRA.

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Madison square theatre. MR. A. M. PALMER. Sole Manager EVENINGS at 8.50. SATURDAY Matinese at 2. 11 TT A THE P.

MATINEE MONDAY,
December 26, at 2.
Professional Matinee next Thurs DOCKSTADER'S 出版符號 29th st. and Broadway. Nightly, 8.30, 8at. Mat., 138.
Every Song, Act and Specialty new this week.
PRODIGY PIANIST, Brightfravesty on the Work.
CHRISTMAS IN OLK VIRGINIA
and Christmas Trees. Toys and Candies given every performance. MADRIGAL BOYS.

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J Reserved seats, orchestre, circle and balcony, 50c,
Wednesday MRS. LANGTRY
Matines,
Matines, MAT. C. GOODWIN
Next week. NAT. C. GOODWIN
Next week. PROF. CHOMWELL'S
Christmas subject will be "MERRIE ENGLAND."

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Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays.
POSITIVELY LAST WEEK OP.
DEN MAN THOMPSON,
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NEXT WEEK—THE HANLOSS, is LE VOYAGE EST.
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WALLACK'S.
Evenings at 8.15. Matines Saturday at 2.15.
Evenings at 8.15. Matines Saturday at 2.15.
Characters by Messrs. Osmond Tearle, Harry Edwards.
J. W. Pigott, Mine. Pontist, Miss Notta Guion and Miss
Rose Coglilan. CHRISTMAS MATINEK Dec. 26. THAY NUE THEATRE.
Proprietor and Manager. Mr. John States.
TO NIGHT AT 8.30. MATINEE SATURDAY.
MR. RICHARD MANSFIELD.
IN HIS OWN COMEDY, MONSIEUR.
Neat week—DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE.

BLOUD GO STATE OF THE WIFE STATE WEST STATE OF THE CORRAIR. Evenings at 8. Mais Wed. 2 Bat. as 2.

LYCEN THE CORRAIR. Evenings at 8. Mais Wed. 2 Bat. as 2.

LYCEN THEATRE. Begins at 8.15.

ATTIME. Begins at 8.15.

ATTIME. SATURDAYS.

POOLE'S THEATRE, 8th et., bet. B'way and 4th ave. MATINEES—Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday, TAKEN FROM LIFE. Next Week—"ONE OF THE BRAVEST."

STAR THEATRE.

THE PLORENCES.

MR. Every Evening and Saturday Matines.

MR. AND MR. W. FLORENCE.

Saturday evening, MR. GOVERNOE as Capt. Cuttle. TONY PASTOR'S THEATRE. 14TH STREET, HARRY KENNEDY, VENRILOQUIST.

A Strange Story by Gaston Vassey.

They Should Have Let Him Know. [From Tid-Bits.]
First Fox (in a hole on Long Island)—Thank fortune, you've got back safe.

Second Fox-Yes. After I got caught in that trap a man came along and put me in a box. He treated me well, though, and this morning he les

Need of Hurrying.

Out of Practice. [From the Chicago Pribuse.]

itiker's Compound Dandellon Pills

TRIED FOR HIS OWN MURDER.

[Written for THE WORLD by S. S. C.]

[Concluded from Monday.] SYNOPSIS OF OPENING CHAPTER.—Andrew Peterson, a commission merchant, disappeared from his home. The same afternoom a servant saw a stout man in the hallway. The police thought Mr. Peterson was muritered, and the stout man was round and arrested. To a young lawyer the stout man toid his story in his cell, which the lawyer releasts to a reporter.

the stout man told his story in his cell, which the lawyer repeats to a reporter:

'I am Andrew Feterson,' he said once more.
'I was an only child, and, my parents being wealthy, I had everything that ought to have made me haipy. But I was not happy. Other children were plump and healthy looking, but I was always thin. At school my fellow-pupils called me Skinny, Skinny Andr. or Skinny Petrison. I was astrong boy and healthy enoug. but there was little flean og my bones. I tried hard to grow stout, but it was tisseless. I ate oatmeal and corn hominy, but they did no good.

grow stout, but it was useless. I ate oatmeal and coru hominy, but they did no good.

"I feit that I was doomed to remain thin, and tried to be cheerful. I succeeded in a measure as I grew older, but occasionally there would come upon me a longing to be stout, that made me miscrable indeed." resist the temptation. He had taken out his note-book and was writing down what the

lawyer said. "I won't use it, I promise you," he said, but it may prove use-

"Well," the lawyer continued, "these re-

composed himself, 'or of my affection for my wife and Blanche and Harry ' "-Peterson's two children are Blanche and Harry," interrupted the reporter, "and it hasn't been printed either."

The lawyer picked up the thread of the story and went on with it. 'The bare mention of the names of his wife

welled up into his eyes. "'My business,' he continued, brokenly, too. I will confess to you that I tried at various tmes to grow stout by taking drugs and medicines that were advertised to bring about the result I so much longed for. But

his fat cheeks. He heaved a deep sigh. "The bitterness I felt at being thin is honey to the bitterness I feel in my present

condition,' he went on. 'But the strange

part of my story is to come. ... On the day that I, Andrew Peterson, am home I stopped into a drug-store to make a small purchase. The drug clerk was conversing with a dark-haired little man. While waiting to be served I could not help hearing what they were saying. To be brief, the little man had a process by which he said that he could make thin persons stout. It was a simple apparatus—a bottle with a tub-

again paced the corri- in the bottle that brought about the change.

"Go on with his story," he said. " 'I bought an apparatus,' the stout man

watch. It was thirteen minutes after 5 '" The reporter uttered an exclamation of surprise. The lawyer stopped for a moment.

anxious to begin with my remedy, I passed the apparatus and threw them on the sofa. and examined the substance in the bottle. It fluid or a much compressed vapor. Then I took off my hat and overcoat and sat down in front of the library table, and I took the bot-

tle in my hand.' "At this point of his story the man was so overcome that I had to give him brandy from my pocket flask. It was five minutes before he could talk clearly.

" ' I put the mouthpiece of the tube to my lips,' he continued, ' and inhaled. The little man had told me that I should inhale in this manner for three minutes every day, and that I would gradually gain flesh. But he either deceived me or had made his infernal

and faster I panted. I have no distinct recollection of what next occurred.

"A crash of breaking glass aroused me. I found myself standing in front of the mirror between the two bookcases opposite the library door. The bottle lay broken at my feet and my hand was bleeding from a cut. I seemed to be suffocating. My collar bound my neck like a tightened noose. I tore it off. Then I looked into the mirror. Instead of my ordinary this self a stout row, looked off my ordinary thin self a stout man looked out at me from the gilded frame. The little man's remedy had worked with a vengeance! "My clothes had ripped in the seams and I seemed to be in rags. My senses were not clear. I dimly thought that I would sip out and buy a suit of clothes that would fit me and then come home and explain it all. I threw the library table cover about me (it would have been useless to have tried to

get on my overcoat) and went downstairs.

The chambermaid saw me and screamed.

"I gained the street. At a second-hand clothing store I got clothing. I wanted to reflect. I walked towards the river. A reflect. I walked towards the river. A steamboat lay at a pier and the crowd hustled me on board. Where it went I don't know. When it made a stop the next day I landed.

and arrested for murdering myself."

"That is the whole story," the lawyer added as his listener put his note-book back into his pocket. "The man appeared to be telling the truth, and if it wasn't for the improbability of a thin man getting fat in half an hour the story would be absolutely bullet proof."

rupted the reporter. "As I have your word," said the lawyer.
"I think not. I have not entirely mapped out the defense, but this strange tale will not be used in it."

enough in the court-room for those who crowded to hear it. The District-Attorney presented his case, giving the points found out by the police. The chambermaid and Mrs. Peterson testified, and Officer Mul-vaney and the butcher boy were also ex-amined. The second-hand clothes dealer

He was sure of it and he felt convinced that the jury would be of the same opinion before he sat down. He had not placed the prisoner on the stand because his story, although true enough, was puzzling. It was also unnecessary to have it told. Then he informed the jury that he did not know that Mr. Peterson was dead. The body found was unrecognizable, and although the prosecution said it was Mr. Peterson's, they had not proved it. He concluded his summing up with this peroration, which he repeated twice, so that it might have greater weight:

"Mr. Peterson was seen to go to his library at thirteen minutes after 5 o'clock. At twenty minutes after 6 his absence was discovered. Five minutes before this the pris-

twenty minutes after 6 his absence was dis-covered. Five minutes before this the pris-oner was seen by the chambermaid, and at half-past 6 the prisoner was seen by the clothes dealer. The prisoner, it had been testified, had left the house alone. Now, in

"But this extraordinary story," inter-noted the reporter. "Will it never be

be used in it."

When the case of the people against John
Doe for the murder of Andrew Peterson was
called for trial there was not half space

amined. The second-hand clothes dealer told his story, and the table cover and Mr. Peterson's clothes were offered in evidence. The case looked bad for the prisoner. The young lawyer said that he had no wit-nesses to offer, and didn't want any. The prisoner at the bar was an innocent man. He was sure of it and he felt convinced that

testified, had left the house alone. Now, in the hour between thirteen minutes after 5 and fifteen minutes after 6, was there not plenty of time for Mr. Peterson to have gone out without being seen. He might have become temporarily insane and wandered off without his hat and coat. The clothing left at the second-hand dealer's might or might not have been those of Mr. Peterson. There was nothing in the pockets to identify it.

There was no evidence of a struggle, no motive for the prisoner's killing Mr. Peterson, and in fact not the slightes thing to base a charge of murder on.

"If the jury convicted the prisoner at the bar of murder, and if he should be hanged, what would the feelings of the jury be if Mr. Peterson should turn up alive and well?"

This address and the charge of the Judge, who impressed the jury with the fact that if there was a doubt in their minds the prisoner was entitled to the benefit of it, carried

was entitled to the benefit of it, carried weight. After being out three hours the jury brought in a verdict of not guilty. On the first ballot ten had been for acquittal and two for conviction, but the two were finally

argued over.

The prisoner accompanied the young law-yer to his office, where he was closeted with him for an hour. When they parted the stout will never forget your kindness and I "I will never long."
will follow your advice."
Three days after the trial Mrs. Peterson was surprised by receiving a letter the writing of which she recognized as that of her husband. It read as follows:

husband. It rend as follows:

My DEAR LOUISA: I am grieved at having kept
you in suspense so one. I am well, and will be
home again at no distant period. Just when, I
cannot say. Our future haspiness and that of jour
children depends on your obscretion. If you have
any trust in me, the test of it is at hand. Do not
make any effort to find out where I am, or even
tell any only that you have received this letter. It
meed money. Please send all you have at hand to
me by the messenger who brings this let er. He
on be trusted. I will write from time to time.
Your husband, Andrew Peterson. Mrs. Peterson, who was a woman of rare good sense, sent the money to her husband, and said nothing about it.

and said nothing about it.

Four months after this letter was received
Mr. Peterson returned home. The children
threw their arms about his neck for joy, and

TRUFFLED FRENCHMAN.

me out. It's delightful weather to travel, inn't fix

F. F.—But, my goo ness! you don't seem to understand things. This was the day of the fox-hunds
and you were followed by dozens of ladies and
gentlemen and about fifty hounds.

S. F.—Desr me! I dian't notice. Now if I'd only
known it was a fox-hunt, it would have been much
more interesting, and I might have gone slower,
too, so they could have had some fun.

[From the Chicago Pribune,] "What's the use of breaking your neck in running to a fire, Bill ? It'll keep till you get there." "Keep nuthin'!" said Bill, all out of breain;
"li's in one of these big 'warran'ed strictly fre-proof' buildings. I want to get there in time to see the walls fall in."

school Superintendent.

"He—he used to be," said the little boy, with some uncertainty, "but I think he's a good deal out of practice now."

the best LIVER PILLS you can take, No Mes Aloes, no Jalan, Bux 350 ptlis), 15c.

"The little man wanted \$10 apiece for mixture too strong. I had scarcely taken in one breath of it when my brain began to whirl. It had a strange fascination. I took it dor. his apparatus. The clerk would not buy. I "'Tt is unnecessary to go into my married did not make my purchase, but followed the life,' the stout man went on after he had little man into the street. It was a fatal act. into my lungs in strong draughts. Faster

8 or bettles. 5.20
There is no other house in existence who can make
this perfume, therefore beware of initations. Sold aimost every where. Wa. B. KINER & SON, druggists and
perfumers, 353 6th ave.
An elegant assertment of Cut Glass Bottles filled with
Richest perfumes, at very low prices. *.*

and children affected him strangely. Tears sometimes made my married life unhappy,

> they failed, all of them, all of them !' " His big chest heaved, and tears trickled from his eyes and rolled in globules down

said to have been murdered, on my way collections seemed to ingarrangement like an ordinary inhaler. It agitate him, and he was the inhalation of the colorless substance

"You cannot conceive," said the lawyer, the expression of mental anguish that was on the man's face as he told his story." The reporter made a gesture of impatience

did he do next ?" continued. 'It was wrapped in brown paper and tied with a blue cord. Then I started for nome. My hour for arriving there was 5 o'clock sharp. I was a little late. Before put my latch-key into the lock I looked at my

and then continued: " 'I heard voices in the parlor, but being without looking in, and hastened to the library and locked the door. Before removing my overcoat I took the paper and cord from was colorless, and I am not sure if it was a

an hour the story would be absolutely bullet proof."

"The story is a corker," the reporter ejaculated; "what a sensation it will create on the trial."

"It can't be used." said the lawyer. "It would bring a conviction, I think. The jury would not believe the transformation story, and the detailed knowledge that the man has of Mr. Peterson's last movements would lead

I had little money and could only ride a part of the way home. It was four days after leaving my house that I crossed the street to return and was seized by the chambermaid and arrested for murdering myself."

of Mr. Peterson's last movements would lead the jurymen to believe that if he hadn't mur-dered him he had hada hand in it. Who-ever the man is, I am sure that he is innocent of murder, and if it is possible I will have